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CLARA DELAVAL.

"See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!"

"No friends, no hopes, no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allowed me: like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourished,
I'll hang my head and perish."—SHAKESPEARE.

"One month hence then, dear Clara, you promise to be mine," said Lord Henry Treville; "let me hope that the caprices of Mrs. Delaval will not again induce you to defer my happiness."

His lovely companion was silent; but the eloquent blush which added lustre to her beauty as he spoke, told what her lips refused to utter.

"My Clara will not, I know, be offended," he added, "if I entreat her to listen in future with more indifference, and reply with less warmth, to the unjust sarcasms of that lady."

At the reproof implied in her lover's words, she averted her face, in order to conceal the tell-tale suffusion; but, quickly recovering her serenity, she looked up with an expression of arch gaiety, and said: "Confess, Harry, that you think me a complete little Xantippe."

Her playful appeal was answered by a glance so affectionate, that it brought tears into her eyes, as she added, in a saddened tone, "Never, Henry, have I concealed my faults from you. That proud horror of servility which I inherit from my father, has too often, I acknowledge, betrayed me into a style of conversation with my aunt, which, were I not her dependant, I would be far, very far indeed, from adopting."

"Enough, enough, my spirited Clara; believe me, that when I made my somewhat impertinent request, I was actuated solely by the fear that Mrs. Delaval would, if not by some miracle kept in good humour, disappoint me a third time of my bride."

Clara was silent for a brief space; then, as if pursuing a previous train of thought, she renewed the conversation, by saying, "Do you believe, Henry, that affection can exist without esteem?"

"Surely not, Clara. Were I so unfortunate as to have fixed my affections upon one who should subsequently prove herself unworthy of them, I would cast her from my heart, even were she as lovely, as idolized as my own Clara."

"All, however, are not capable of acting so stoically. For my part, I feel that I would be unable to do so."

"That feeling is in conformity with the indulgence which is characteristic of your sex; an indulgence that responds so liberally to the frequent claims made by the delinquencies of ours upon it. But let us change a subject which never can have reference to us."

"The evening's latest sigh, that shuts the rose," had already admonished them to part; but they continued to pace the terrace in front of the Hon. Mrs. Delaval's residence—for they were now on the eve of a transient separation, it being necessary that Lord Henry should visit his estate at L——, previous to his marriage. Much longer did they remain,

"Weaving soft language from impassioned themes,"

But Clara was summoned to her aunt; and they parted, though reluctantly, yet without deep sorrow. "*Addio caro amico*," uttered with assumed sportiveness, were Clara's parting words; but as she gazed on the figure of her lover, retreating through the mists of evening, warm,

grateful tears filled her eyes, and she ejaculated, "My own Henry! noblest, best of human beings! my life shall be devoted to thy service."

Truly and beautifully has it been said, that the veil which covers futurity has been woven by the hand of mercy. Clara was an orphan: her father had been disinherited in consequence of an imprudent marriage. But from the expensive education which he bestowed upon his only daughter, it seemed that he still cherished golden hopes for her; which, however, appeared to be altogether crushed by the death of his father, and the accession of his elder brother to the entire property. From that period he became ascetic and morose; and the constant theme of his conversation was his own wrongs and the cold-heartedness of his elder brother. Happily for his child, she possessed not a mind to be warped by the expression of such sentiments, even from a parent's lips. Quick and warm in all her feelings, with her speech and thought were one; yet, though she loved her father with the most tender devotedness, she found it impossible to obey, when he required her to nourish resentment in her heart. When, however, he exhorted her to imitate his own example in shunning servility, her glowing cheek, sparkling eye, and high bearing, attested her proud independence of soul. The canker of the heart soon brought Clara's father to the tomb; and his brother only survived him long enough to make some atonement for his former harshness, by bringing the orphan to his childless home. On his demise he left her wholly dependent on his wife, than whom a more ill-tempered and peevish being did not exist. She would scatter benefits with an unsparing hand; but she withheld the genuine smile of kindness, and omitted no opportunity to make the high-minded Clara feel she was a dependant. Had Clara been the protectress of Mrs. Delaval, she would patiently have borne with her infirmities of temper; but the dread of being suspected of mercenary motives was productive of a frank fearlessness of manner, which seemed to comport ill with her personal interest. Native delicacy of judgment, however, usually ruled her conduct upon such occasions; but when her aunt, as was not unfrequently the case, reviled that deceased parent, whose memory was embalmed in the dearest affections of her niece, then, indeed, would Clara's indignant feelings burst forth in language which was not always bounded by the rules of deference. Yet, in the calm of thought, although she remained satisfied that the feelings which actuated her were right, the conviction would come upon her that the manner of expressing them was wrong; and with that promptness which was the offspring of her nature, she would acknowledge her fault, and implore her aunt's forgiveness. But a coldness which arrested the warm current of her feelings, marked her aunt's reception of her on these occasions.

Lord Henry, though somewhat prone to suspicion, was naturally inclined to those generous feelings, which dispose the individual to take the most favourable view of human nature, and its springs of action. But a close intimacy with a young man of high mental endowments, whose disfiguring moral blemishes consisted in a dark "idolatry of self," a ready faith in ill, and an eagerness for the discovery of latent motives, wherewith to sully the lustre of recorded virtue, had exerted rather an evil influence over the mind of this young nobleman; and nourished the chief fault of his character—suspicion. Still, however, he was not a convert to the doctrine of his companion—to whose arguments he would reply, "Well, when Clara Delaval is proved unworthy, I will become your disciple; but until then I am content to hold that virtue yet possesses a home on earth."

After making the necessary arrangements at L——, Lord Henry returned to the town in the neighbourhood of which was Mrs. Delaval's residence, where the appalling intelligence met his ear, that Clara Delaval had been arrested for the murder of her aunt. Indignantly did he at first repel the horrid imputation; but the following details left little even for the most devoted affection to plead. On the evening prior to the murder, Mrs. Delaval had been more than usually unkind towards Clara, vowing that she should never marry Lord Henry with her consent; and that no portion of that wealth, for the sake of which she declared her niece desirous of her death, should ever be hers. Upon this Miss Delaval arose with a haughty and indignant air; and, protesting that she would no longer be the degraded victim of studied unkindness, left the room. Retiring to her own apartment, she burst into tears, and appeared in great agitation. She then dismissed her maid (who generally slept in an antechamber)—and, as she did not desire her presence, she permitted her to go and pass the night with a sick friend, in the city. The ensuing morning the murder was discovered. Around the neck of the deceased a silk scarf, belonging to Miss Delaval, was tightly twisted, and a remarkable diamond ring, also the property of that unfortunate young lady, and the gift of her lover, was found grasped in one hand. Not the smallest article had been purloined; and this, as much as any other circumstance, tended to criminate Miss Delaval. She was the only person who could benefit by the catastrophe; since, should her aunt die intestate, the property would devolve upon her, as the nearest relative.

Bitter were the reveries of Lord Henry—terrible his alternations of abhorrence and tenderness. "Often," thought he, "often have I heard, but never until now believed, that the enthusiastic nature of woman brooks no middle course; extreme in good or ill, when she falls from the unspotted heaven of innocence, she 'cares not into what abyss.' Had the name of this once worshipped being been associated with any other crime—then, amid sorrow and degradation, my soul would have clung to her, with a devotion unchanged and unchangeable. But the hard heart—the bloody hand! No, no; never will I see her more!"

And how did she feel, "the outcast, the abandoned, the alone?"—Was she plunged into the horrors of remorse, or rent by the more ignoble agitations of terror? Remorse she did indeed feel; but not the remorse of a murderess. Every proud look, every hasty word, with which, in moments of irritation, she had met the querulous outbursts of her ill-fated aunt's temper, came home upon her soul with an agonizing influence. She felt that she had not cheered her widowed loneliness as she ought, and that she had too often aggravated the miseries of a vexed and unhappy spirit. These were sad reminiscences. But on her own account she had no solicitude; she believed that to be guiltless and to be acquitted were necessarily cause and consequence; and, casting away all fear, she cheered her solitude, with conjectures as to the time of Lord Henry's return. "How he will love me in my affliction," thought she; "and how indignant he will be that a crime so dreadful should be laid to my charge!"

During more than a week she listened almost breathlessly for the impatient footstep of affection, to break the dreary monotony of her confinement; but it came not—and then the trusting heart began to fail, and blasted hope, with sickening and desolating power, came back upon the soul. All that she had read and heard of the feebleness of earthly ties, and the perishableness of earthly friendships, seemed now

confirmed by the deep-marking hand of experience, and to give assurance that

“He who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.”

Thus given up to the wasting influence of alternate anxiety and despair, she was once startled by the harsh grating of her prison door. Hoping it to be the visit so long desired, so long delayed, her heart throbbed high with rapturous anticipation, but soon sunk back again beneath the chilling crush of disappointment:—Mr. Malden entered. He was a young barrister of most estimable qualities, and had just reached that happiest epoch in the life of genius, when the sun of fame may be said to be vertical—its splendour shadowless. But still he was not happy;—the sorrow of the heart was his; he loved, but without hope. Clara Delaval, deserted by him who had been her all of earthly hope and earthly joy, now found herself countenanced and befriended by one who had vainly offered her the homage of the heart; and the burning tear fell as she contrasted his generous conduct with the seeming cold-heartedness of Lord Henry.

Mr. Malden had been absent from town at the time of Clara's arrest; but having returned in order to attend the assizes, and learning the melancholy intelligence, he hastened to offer his valuable professional assistance to the unfortunate captive. From him she first learned that innocence alone would not ensure her acquittal; and she perceived with dismay, that he entertained alarming apprehensions as to the result of the trial. The demon of misery, in whose very existence she had, with the joyous scepticism of her years, refused to believe, was now coming fast upon her, “with his o’ertaking wings.” For, learning that Lord Henry had been a week in town, she felt that her future existence, short as that might be, should pass uncheered by the presence of him who, she thought, would have never deserted her. Added to this, was the shuddering and newly-awakened dread of a shameful death upon the scaffold, and the blighting thought, that long after she should have passed away from the memories of all who might pity or would have saved, her name would stand upon a roll of infamy, written in blood, and never to be obliterated or forgotten. “Glory, and peace, and joy had come and gone,” and she wished not to survive them. She was recalled from her long and bitter trance, by the warm embraces of her faithful friend, Augusta Treville, who had hastily come from a distant part of the country, to be the soother of the captive's misery, for whose justification she needed nothing beyond her own well-founded convictions. Lady Augusta, doubting whether Clara was aware of her brother's state of feeling, which ultimately brought on a dangerous brain fever, avoided all mention of him; while Clara, interpreting her friend's silence confirmatory of her fears, was too proud to make any allusion to him.

In proportion to the depression which attends the first grief of the youthful mind, is the reaction with which it rebounds to its native element of hope; and thus, although not one cheering ray had dawned upon her darkened prospects, Clara had long since emerged from that abyss of unhoping sadness into which she had sunk, and her heart would fondly whisper that all would yet be well. The evening before the trial Augusta entreated permission to accompany her to the bar; but Clara, though deeply touched by this proof of affection, would not suffer it. “No, dearest Augusta, you are not of an age or sex to perform such a kindness. Henry has left me to abide the storm as best I may, and I will not involve his sister in my disgrace. Let me, however, hope that

you and some others of my own sex will be in court ; I would feel something like protection by their presence."

The eventful day arrived ; and the hall was thronged almost to suffocation. On the appearance of Clara, a thrilling sensation pervaded the court. Never, perhaps, had a creature so peculiarly interesting been placed in that awful situation. Her slender, but exquisitely moulded form, was attired in a plain robe of black silk ; her face was concealed in the thick folds of a sable veil, beneath which her fair silken hair fell in luxuriant tresses. This covering being necessarily removed, a countenance of the highest order of loveliness met the view ; her every faultless feature was brightened by that light which the soul, "itself unseen, sheds through the face," and the inimitable tracery of the violet veins was clearly discernible through the transparent skin. Late confinement and present terror had banished the rose-hues from her cheek ; but, as she shrunk beneath the fixed and searching gaze of the surrounding crowd, the rich blood mounted to her forehead—and for a long while she did not dare to lift her eyes. At length she did so, and they rested upon Lord Henry Treville ; but, oh, how changed—how fearfully wasted ! The pallor of agony, as well as of sickness, was cast over his fine countenance—the hectic hue of fever still rested in small and varying blotches upon his hollow cheek—while his dim and sunken eye, which wandered with a vacant and fitful stare, and shed forth occasionally a wild and fearful light, evaded hers, as though his heart disowned her. But she knew not that he had started from a bed of sickness, to abide the agony of her trial, rather than endure that of suspense, and that he had determined, whether condemnation or acquittal might be the result, to take her again to his heart, and obliterate by kindness his cruel neglect.

In the usual order, the unfortunate prisoner was called on to plead to the charge of murder ! The revolting indictment, as it came distinctly upon her ear, seemed to have aroused her paralyzed energies ; and disregarding the technicalities of the court, she clasped her uplifted hands, and exclaimed with fervour, " Indeed, indeed, I am innocent ! "

The heart-touching pathos with which she sighed forth these artless words, affected all present ; but she heeded not the impression made on judge or jury. Her eyes, sparkling tremulously through their tears, were turned earnestly upon him whose doubts had lodged the cruellest shaft within her stricken heart ; and a radiant flash of joy illumined her countenance, as she saw him bound over the place that separated them, and place himself at her side. Her words had told ; the simple force of truth had come powerfully upon his soul ; the clouds of suspicion which had brooded there were put to flight for ever and for ever ; and he unhesitatingly yielded to the generous impulse to render this public tribute to her innocence.

The case for the prosecution closed—the leading facts adduced being such as already detailed. Mr. Malden arose to address the jury in behalf of the prisoner ; but it was with a melancholy consciousness that the evidence was clearly against her. This was depressing ; but the thought that the life of her whom he loved, so hopelessly, yet so devotedly, was at stake, gave birth to that excitement which is the element of genius, and his eloquence on the occasion was such as to render transcription hopeless. The tears and sighs of his auditory were not unwon ; but he perceived that the jury, though moved, were not convinced ; and with a sickened heart, and in mournful tones, he thus concluded :—" I know that circumstances appear against her ; but such

evidence is an erring guide, which should be tremblingly trusted to ; it sets the mark of shame alike upon the innocent and the guilty brow. Like the angel which smote the first-born in Egypt, (but wanting the discriminating power,) upon how many families has it come with the direst of all visitations—leaving the black and ineffable stain of shame behind, when the fated victim had passed for ever away ! Its wide-sweeping wings cast the blackness of death alike upon the Israelite and the Egyptian. The soul sickens at the contemplation of the long catalogue of judicial crimes of which it has been the minister. Blood which the earth will not drink up, because of its guiltlessness, has stained the purity of that sword by which the law is armed, and there it shall continue to corrode, until its edge may fall harmless even upon the guilty. Add not now to that black catalogue—add not now to those befouling stains ;—add not one martyr more to the power of the law—for justice can make none ;—and, oh ! send not one more pure spirit to the judgment-seat on high, to bring down vengeance on presumptuous man for daring to adjudicate in cases scrutable alone to heaven's great king. Listen, I implore you, to that inward voice, which declares so intelligibly to each of you, that she is not—that she cannot be guilty. Be assured that, however dark the mystery which envelopes the event in which circumstances would involve my client, it shall yet be unveiled ; and when that time comes, as come it will, and leaves the name of her now at your bar unsullied even by a shadow of suspicion—think then how you should bless the hour in which you recorded the words dictated by mercy. But should you, on the contrary, send forth fateful words, consigning her to 'darkness and the worm,' think what would be your feelings, when you should, too late, discover the purity of her whose form would then have mingled with the dust of a dishonoured grave ! Oh, how achingly does the apprehension that such may be the fate of the gifted being before us, knock against the heart ! Avert then, while yet you may, the horrible agonies that must attend such a catastrophe ; shudder, ere too late, at the thought of committing that greatest of cruelties—a judicial murder !"

Here the voice of the young orator faltered with emotion, and became almost inaudible. He retired, exhausted, spiritless, and filled with the mournful conviction, that his appeal would be in vain. It was so. The breathless stillness that prevailed from the withdrawal to the return of the jury, was at length broken by the announcement of the fatal verdict, *Guilty*. As the awful words fell on the prisoner's ear, an icy shiver ran through her veins, and her countenance paled to the hue of death. These were the instinctive shudderings and recoillings of nature ; but incredible as it may appear, Clara Delaval passed from the scene of her condemnation less miserable than she had entered upon it. It is true, that she bitterly lamented the fate which was to snatch her from a life now become precious to her ; but death had lost its sharpest sting—she was no longer an outcast from Lord Henry's heart. She upbraided him not with his unkind defection—the moment of his warm-hearted return was that of an equally generous pardon ; verifying the saying of Rochefoucault, that "we forgive as long as we love." Clara spent the day before that appointed for the execution in the society of a worthy clergyman, and at its close she besought Lady Augusta to leave a scene so trying to her feelings ; but she was not to be moved. At her request, Lord Henry left the cell, with the understanding that he should return at sunrise the following morning, and spend with her the last hours of her life. Unable, however, to leave the vicinity of her prison,

he passed the night in sleepless wretchedness at the door which had been closed after him.

The firmness with which the most feeble and delicate females have encountered death in its most hideous form has often afforded matter of astonishment. But the most tender natures are frequently the most susceptible of enthusiasm, and it is enthusiasm alone that can enable them tranquilly to meet a fate, from which even the bravest instinctively recoil. There is, too, something ennobling in a great and unmerited misfortune—something which calls into play the energies of a proud and sensitive spirit. In affliction, we raise our eyes to the stars, which are “the poetry of heaven,” and we feel that we are not all of the dust—that at least the impassive soul is kindred to the deathless fires above us—and that there lies beyond the shining spheres a world where sin and sorrow are alike unknown. Such were the feelings of the orphan convict; calm and pure were the thoughts which came upon her, as in the spirit of prayer she knelt upon the damp floor of her dungeon. It is true, that the scaffold, with all its ignominies, would occasionally rise to her view in fearful distinctness; yet the shudderings created by the horrible vision were but momentary. The night was one well calculated to add to the solemnity of her reflections; for the thunder, that magnificent operation of nature, which not even the explanation of “cold material laws” can divest of its sublimity, had lifted up its awful voice to terrify the guilty conscience, and solemnise the contemplative hour of the afflicted; but to the soul of Clara Delaval it pealed in no affrighting tones. Thus the night passed on; and at length the morn arose,

“Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb.”

Lord Henry entered, and perceived Clara seated at the little rugged table, and arrayed in a robe, the spotless purity of which seemed emblematic of her own mind. To his surprise, she did not move at his approach; and softly stealing towards her, he found that exhausted nature had sunk into a profound repose. His sister, also overcome by weariness, lay stretched upon the wretched bed; but hers was a fitful and uneasy slumber. With an irresistible impulse, he knelt before the sleeping convict; and a bitter and desolating feeling agitated his heart, as he thought of the frightful change which a few hours would make in that form now quickened with life and impressed with grace and beauty. His tears fell fast and burning on the white hand which he pressed to his lips; and Clara awoke. In the course of their melancholy conversation, Clara expressed her regret that her once attached Rose had not come to bid her farewell. “I could not have expected,” she said, “that she would be indifferent to my fate. I am not surprised at Janet, indeed; she believes me the destroyer of her mistress, and must, therefore, abhor me.”

The fatal hour arrived—the messengers of death were at the door; and Clara, casting an affectionate look upon her faithful friend, who she thankfully perceived was still asleep, hastily left the cell, that Lady Augusta might not be awakened to the agony of such a parting. Supported by Lord Henry and the clergyman, she passed along the gloomy corridor—when the two servants alluded to entered. The unfortunate young lady stopped to speak with them, and remarked with surprise that Rose did not appear at all affected by the melancholy end which awaited an indulgent mistress, but had riveted her eyes, sparkling with a feverish glitter, upon the ashy countenance of her companion. Turning, therefore, to the latter, Clara observed, “I was desirous, Ja-

net, to leave you and Rose something to compensate for the pecuniary loss you have sustained by the sudden death of your mistress ; and, as I have nothing which I can call my own, Lord Henry has promised to attend to my wishes. Farewell ! Think kindly of me, and believe me innocent of the crime for which I suffer."

As she spoke, Janet sank at her feet, and clasping her knees, endeavoured to prevent her departure by the most extravagant demonstrations of grief. Affected by this unlooked-for burst of sympathy, Clara bent down and kissed the forehead of the weeping girl, and then moved steadily forward. Upon this, Janet uttered a piercing shriek, and rushing before the melancholy cavalcade, so as to prevent its egress, she cried aloud, "She shall not die ! He has left me, and I will save her ; for I—I am—guilty !"

Astonishment and doubt of the girl's saneness of mind first pervaded the auditors ; but the possibility of the truth of her declaration induced a delay of the execution. Clara, who had lately manifested such calm and elevated resignation to her fate, now, that the light of hope had come upon her, seemed to have been made newly conscious of her melancholy situation ; all woman's weakness came upon her ; and overcome by conflicting emotions, she sank lifeless upon the pavement. She was borne to the governor's apartment, where Lady Augusta, awakened by the confusion, joined her, half frantic with fear and joy.

An investigation took place, from which resulted a full confession on the part of Janet. It appeared, that about six months previous to the murder, Janet had been married privately to a man of desperate and abandoned character, but whom she loved with all the devotedness incident to her strong passions and ill-regulated character. The marriage was kept a secret from Mrs. Delaval, lest the dismissal of Janet might be the result. By her artful and seemingly devoted conduct, she had induced her mistress to make a will in her favour ; which the husband no sooner heard than he began to employ the most powerful arts, to induce his wife to put a period to the old lady's existence, lest, with her usual caprice, she might cancel the testamentary document in her favour. The first intimation of the horrible design was received with an involuntary shudder ; and she at once rejected the proposal. But the tempter knew his power too well ; and after various conflicts, during which desertion was threatened, he bent his instrument to his will. He then instructed her in what manner to evade detection, by casting suspicion upon Miss Delaval, who, he assured her, would escape punishment through the influence of her powerful friends. On the night of the murder, in consequence of Rose's absence, Janet attended at Miss Delaval's toilet, and thus obtained the scarf and ring ; the latter she intended as a present to her accomplice—and though it afterwards became an additional proof against Clara, it was unpremeditated. The instigator of the deed fled as soon as he ascertained its perpetration, in order to avoid the chances of detection, and from believing that his superintendence was no longer necessary, as regard for her own safety would render Janet circumspect.

The acute and sensible Rose, however, relying on the innocence of her young mistress, was led, by some slight incidents, to regard her fellow-servant with suspicion, but could for some time discover nothing to justify the avowal of her suspicions. On the eve of the day fixed for the execution, while sitting alone in the apartment which had been Miss Delaval's, harassed by painful incertitude as to the course she ought to pursue, Janet, with a haggard and horror-stricken countenance, rushed

into the room. The majestic voice of the elements had thundered terror to her guilty and superstitious soul, and she now tremblingly implored permission to pass the night with Rose. The frantic agony which marked her subsequent conduct was such as to have touched even a callous heart ; but the thought that the innocent Clara was about to suffer, steeled the feelings of Rose against her who, she was now convinced, was the real criminal. By an ingenious stratagem, she brought Janet, on the following morning, to the prison ; when, from her knowledge of her character, she hoped that the sight of Miss Delaval, under such melancholy circumstances, would wring a confession from her ; and, should such not prove the case, she was determined at all hazards to charge her with the murder. The result fully justified her expectations.

It now only remains to state, what the reader has in all probability anticipated, that our hero and heroine were in due time happily united, their main defects of character being corrected by the event related ; and, further, to inform our marriage-loving friends, that Mr. Malden, weaned from a fruitless love, found an affectionate wife in Lady Augusta, the friend of Clara Delaval.

THE SLAVE.

The bleeding slave was bound,
And the taskman o'er him stood,
Whose lash sent forth its hollow sound,
Midst groans, and tears, and blood.

By sickness thus laid low,
God ! 'tis an aged slave,
Whom the villain strives by ev'ry blow
To scourge back from the grave.

His hoary hairs are stain'd
With his blood that gushes fresh,
And the bonds with which his limbs are chain'd
Enter into his flesh.

" Oh ! spare me, master, spare !
This flesh which thou hast torn,
And the sinews which the scourges tear,
In thy service have been worn !

" Master, my words were wrong,
Thy just resentment smother,
I had forgot the gory thong—
When I said I was thy brother.

" Hear me, my master, hear !"
And he spake with trembling breath,
" Oh, pity my last and aged tear—
Your slave is sick to death !"

His sons are forc'd to stand*
Around their dying sire,
Till beneath the licenc'd tyrant's hand
The fainting slave expire.

And did their silent prayer,
Their heart's deep bursting groan,
Not peal up through their dark despair
Before the Eternal's throne ?

* Founded upon fact.